

Gloucester. One of the first chapters of the Commonwealth of Virginia

HISTORY ...OF.... Gloucester County, Virginia, AND ITS FAMILIES.

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GLOUCESTER.

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ONE OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF The Commonwealth of Virginia.

ILLUSTRATED.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN BY MISS BLANCHE DIMMOCK, OF SHERWOOD.

WHERE THE TIDE ROLLS, AND THE BOISTEROUS BAY KNOCKS AT VIRGINIA'S DOOR.

When one attempts the early history of a colonial county he is overcome by a feeling of helplessness. A few early records, a legend or two, stand like silent watch-towers, around which he must weave his own suppositions, the hearsays of his childhood, and a warrantable induction from existing facts.

This sketch applies to Gloucester and its dear people, who from one border line to the other are my brethren. To them all without exception—to the road-side farmer who hoes his stumpy corn-field; to the jolly fisherman, whose conch-shell trumpet heralds fish along

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the highway; to the judge upon his bench and the parson in his pulpit, and to Gloucester's sons and daughters scattered far and near—I dedicate this sketch.

Chesapeake bay, in boisterous friendliness, knocks at Gloucester's south-eastern door; the capricious “Mock Jack” hugs its eastern border, sending inland the landlocked North, the broad-sweeping Ware, and the beautiful Severn; while the York, but a lesser bay, born of the Chesapeake, washes it south-westerly, cutting it apart from York county and James City.

In the year 1631 the vast territory of Virginia is divided into eight shires; one of these shires is Pamaunee. Out of this Pamaunkeeshire Gloucester was carved.

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In the year 1652 twelve counties sent thirty-five members to the House of Burgesses. One of these counties was Gloucester. The date of its birth and christening is not known; probably the defiant old royalist, Sir William Berkeley, called it for the sake of his native Gloucestershire, in England.

Virginia's Gloucester once held a king. One of the dwellings of grim old Powhatan was upon a bend of the York, the lovely Werowocomoco, whose curved shores are gay with riotous wild grape-vines and glossy bamboo. The great stone chimney of this kingly wigwam defied cold and heat for over two hundred years. A short time ago it fell. There was shame in its fall. Virginia should have preserved it. The history of the mightiest nations upon earth hung about it. Still, it was left to crumble ignominiously in a rude corn-field, while the multitude who floated up the York, in call of its solitude, scarce knew it was there.

This pile of mangled rock, the dismal vestige of? monarch's home, bears vast speculation on its face. In this age of turning ancient relics into gold, there seems to be immense possibility in a ruin, of which every square inch tells a story.

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Some fragments in Chicago would have bound a marvelous *fin de siecle* show, to the uncertain early days where Powhatan was king, when Sir Walter Raleigh saw future glory in the fragrant fumes of a new-found weed, and John Smith swayed a savage mob.

A stone's throw from the chimney is a rock. We are told that to this rock an Indian princess ran to save white man's life. We hope the tale is true, but if it is not, the daily baptism in "Werowocomoco's" tide is wea? to wash the tradition from the stone.

Now, stretches of level road-beds bordered with blooming

ABINGDON CHURCH

5 dogwood, swept by the perfume of wood honeysuckle, and the glint of the creepy rhododendron, hardly recall a phalanx of primeval forest, with the agile Indian casting a silent arrow, darting through.

The Chiskoyackes, who, in 1668, paid tribute of one hundred and forty-five wolves' heads, were the last tribe to fold the wigwam in Gloucester.

In addition to depredations of Indians, the colonists now began to fear injury from unfriendly water-craft; and in 1667 the British built a fort on the stretch of land *vis-a-vis* to Yorktown. Thence sprang a beautiful incorporation, known as "Gloucester towne." It had its Main street striking the county thoroughfare, its Broad street, its Botetourt street, which "held the Red House and the British Fort."

Gloucester towne had a finger in the Revolutionary pie, for Dundas' and Tarleton's troops were quartered here, and it fell when Yorktown did.

As late as 1861 an old brick house bore solitary witness of its colonial neighbors at Gloucester towne. An elm, wide-spreading and magnificent, was its body-guard. Union soldiers set fire to this old-fashioned mansion, big with bygone grandeur and a noble pedigree, for no reason that I can see, except to destroy a landmark from Virginia's shores.

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The blazes blasted the proud elm, the friendly "table tree," whose arms held a welcome for incoming ships. An old man, seventy-odd, was telling me the story: "What sacrilege," he added: "This was a twig. In ante-Revolutionary days my grandmother planted it."

From this house, built by an early colonist named Thruston, whose widow married a Lewis and then a Tabb, two curiously-carved mantel-pieces were carried to Belle Farm; and this old Lewis home still holds them, together 6 with one of the rarest collections of china, silver, and glass, portraits and jewels (heirlooms of the Warners, the Lewises, the Corbins and the Taylors), which this country contains.

In 1876, when the Philadelphia centennial was about to open, and the fever for relics of the Revolution was high, a part of the wreck of the English frigate Sharon, which brought Cornwallis to Yorktown and was afterwards sunk off Gloucester towne, was blown up with powder. Imbedded in the wreck were found articles of immense interest, and the date 1772, the year in which the vessel was built.

The glory of Gloucester towne has departed. It is but a steamboat landing, with a broad sweep of level land broken with grass-grown fortifications, from which, in '61, the first gun was fired in Virginia. They breathe to us a sacred story. They were the bulwarks of our own untried heroes. Their hope perished. The memory of their deeds is as fresh as the turf which gives an air of peace to this grim work of war.

The ancient settlement of Gloucester towne, its magnificent harbor (seldom ice-bound), deep water, and fertile back-lands, would seem to insure growth and emolument but by the perversity of fate newer places distanced it, and it has but the aroma of a new country's old times.

Twice the records of Gloucester have been destroyed the records now at the capitol in Richmond were copied from the originals in the English Public Record Office a few years ago. The earliest land-grant in Gloucester therein contained, is one to Augustine Warner in 1635 Previous to this colonists were very cautious, and afraid to branch off in

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the wilderness. In 1642 Thomas Curtis John Jones, Hugh Gwynne and Richard Wyatt took up tracts; in 1643 James Whiting, John Robins in 1646

OLD AVENUE AT WARNER HALL.

7 Thomas Seawell in 1646, Lewis Burwell in 1648, and George Reade; in 1649 Richard Kemp and Francis Willis; 1650 John Smith, Henry Singleton, William Armistead; in 1653 John Page and Thomas Todd (the founder of Toddsbury). Later on came James Rowe, John Thomas, Robert Taliaferro, William Wyatt, William Haywood, Henry Corbell, Anne Bernard, John Lewis, Thomas Graves, Lawrence Smith, John Chapman, George Billups, Charles Roane, Wm. Thornton, Thomas Walker, John Buckner, Philip Lightfoot, William, Humphrey and John Tomkins, Robert Peyton, John Fox, Ben Clements, Symond Stubblefield, Robert Pryor, Peter Beverley (whose wife was a Peyton, and two of his daughters married Randolphins, giving to that distinguished family the names Peyton and Beverley), John Stubbs, Mordecai Cooke, Humphrey Tabb. A little later came the Thrustons, Roots, Throckmortons,—(The Throckmortons are of very ancient lineage; in 1767 one Robert Throckmorton, of Hale Weston, Huntingdon Shire, England, left considerable property to John, eldest son of Robert Throckmorton, of Gloucester county, Va. One of the Throckmorton homesteads in Gloucester is also called Hale Weston),—Nicolsons, Vanbibbers, Pages, Byrds, Corbins, Ennises, Dickens, Roys, and Smarts.

The civil officers in Gloucester in 1680 were Lawrence Smith, Matthew Kemp, Thomas Ramsey, John Armistead, Philip Lightfoot,—(Who is the ancestor of our Virginia Lightfoots. He moved to James City in 1702 and is buried at Sandy Point),—Thomas Pate, John Mann, Thomas Walker, Richard Young, Lewis Burwell, Henry Whiting, John Smith. The military officers were the same, with these additions: Augustine Warner, Francis Burwell, Richard Booker, Robert Peyton, and Symond Busford.

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In the Renaissance of Pedigree many are eager to find out whence they came; therefore I insert these chronological details.

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Enthusiastic colonial dames, armed with pad and pencil, may now make a pilgrimage to some modest wooden house whence a colonial ancestor departed to help stir the country's caudle, and find out a lot of family tradition which I have not the space to notice.

For the benefit of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution I will annex the names of those from Gloucester who fought in the Revolution:

Warner Lewis, County Lieutenant; Sir John Peyton, Baronet, Colonel: Thomas Whiting, Lieutenant-Colonel; Thomas Boswell, Gent., Major.

Captains: Gibson Cluverius, John Camp, Richard Matthews, George Booth, Jasper Clayton, John Hubard, John Whiting, John Billups, Benjamin Shackelford, John Willis, Robert Matthews, William Buckner, John Dixon, Richard Billups, and William Smith.

Lieutenants: Samuel Cary, Richard Hall, John Foster, James Baytop, Thomas Buckner, George Green, William Sears, James Bentley, Edward Matthews, John Billups, Dudley Cary, Hugh Hayes, Churchhill Armistead, Philip Tabb, John Foster, and Robert Gayle.

Ensigns: Henry Stevens, William Davis, William Haywood, Thomas Baytop, John Fox, James Laughlin, William Bentley, Christopher Garland, Peter Bernard, John Hayes, Samuel Eddins, Thomas Tabb, Richard Davis, Josiah Foster, George Plummer, and John Gale.

As early as 1676 Gloucester gave a Speaker to the House of Burgesses, and the portrait of Augustine Warner, kindly-visaged and periwigged, hangs at Belle Farm, one of the many homes of his descendants in Gloucester.

From Gloucester to Sir William Berkeley, in the
STAIRWAY AT ROSEWELL.

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9 of his worries with Nathaniel Bacon, came a “kingsman,” inviting him to this “rich domain full of loyal planters.” He came, and his heart sank, for a Bacon element tainted his following.

Nathaniel Bacon, fearless and headstrong, at the close of his stormy career led his rash rebels across the York to Gloucester. He went to Warner Hall to spend the night with old Augustine. Death overtook him with his helmet on. Some say his body lies at the foot of a beech tree, in sound of a busy brook which runs from “Bacon's Spring.”

This is a stopping-place for thirsty travellers, who drink from a brownish sun-dried gourd, which hangs near by. The shadow of the beech tree strikes the site of old Petsworth. Petsworth church was gorgeous with magnificent frescoes, and held a goodly congregation. For years the birds and hoot-owls, the scurrying rabbits, and sometimes a frightened fox, peopled its ruins. At last a rude hand leveled its walls and sold the bricks to build a hotel at Fort Monroe.

The history of Gloucester is woven in the registers of its colonial churches. Names faded on the old roll wear a fresher lustre on the parish books of to-day. Where the fathers worshipped the sons still kneel.

Bishop Meade tells us of the chequered record of Abingdon and Ware, of their conflict with rollicking shepherds. To-day, models of simple architecture, they stand well preserved. Wa re was modernized before the war. In 1867 the flagstones of old Abingdon echoed the crisp foot-tread of the worshipper. The pews were square, with seats all around, and stiff carpet-covered foot-stools stood beneath, on which prim children sat, and often munched Shrewsbury cakes drawn from their mother's reticule. I have heard that excessive wriggling was summarily checked by a tap from a heelless slipper.

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Outside the churches crumbling tombs catch the flickering shadows of the forest trees. But in earliest times the law of primogeniture made the man who dwelt here to-day fancy his

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son's sons dwelling here a hundred years hence; so when he built his house he fenced off his graveyard. This idea of family security is dead, and the family graveyard is steadily yielding to the church-yard cemetery.

Abingdon and Ware churches are voices from the colony, and by reason of age take precedence (one brick in the older part of Abingdon is stamped 1660, but other churches of other denominations stand in the different neighborhoods.

“Bellamy's,” the stronghold of Methodism, is prosperous. There one gets a taste of good “old-time” religion, and old-fashioned ladies still sit in the amen corner and tune their sweet voices to the strains of “Old Hundred” and “Coronation.”

In 1710 Gloucester was the most populous county in Virginia. Thenceforward it strode to the perfection of its civilization, which it attained in the closing years of the eighteenth and the first sixty-one years of the nineteenth century. Plantations were young principalities manned by living machinery, and supplied almost every article of home consumption.

The life of a Gloucester planter possessed a fantastic independence. He gave a general supervision to his affairs, but a sense of ownership and mastery added zest to the burden. In the morning he scanned his rich fields on a well-groomed thoroughbred; towards the middle of the day joined other planters at the nearest cross-roads, discussed crops and politics, sipped a social julep and went home to dinner. Dinners were dinners then. The planter had his own oysterman, his carpenter and blacksmith. He sent his corn to Jamaica and the same vessel

FIREPLACE IN THE HALL AT ROSEWELL.

11 brought back his rum; he sent his corn to the Madeiras and the returns were butts of costly wine. Whiskey was not so much drunk in the early part of the century; it was the headman's tip in a morning dram, but the master made his toddy of Jamaica rum.

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The mistress of an *ante-bellum* establishment had her hands full. Her husband and children (people had a heap of children then; puny households of two or three were hard to find) demanded their just attention. She was the sovereign of a dusky court, and had a personal supervision of every portion of the dominion. She set the domestic machinery in motion and saw that it worked easily. She looked after her subjects from their souls to their socks, tending the sick, trying to steer the moral course of the well, praying in simple faith with the dying.

The “chamber,” with its “curtained bed” and “easy chair,” was a favorite refuge.

In the evening, when the white people gathered in the drawing-room, neat maids, with bare brown arms and chaste homespun gowns, sat around its blazing hearth and knit the “people’s” socks and cracked plantation jokes in the midst of weird ghost stories. These old-time ladies had forcible modes of expression and a lot of thrift and sense.

“Sam,” said one of them to a negro boy, “I believe that you try to scatter my spoons to the four winds of heaven, and my forks to the uttermost parts of the earth.” “Sam! when I call you come to me! If you are moulding money, come to me!”

Another truly remarked: “Can a mother with a crowd of children ever get enough biscuits or bleach cotton?”

The existence of a Gloucester plantation boy was beatific. He was born with strong local attachment. The trees for him had a genealogy. He roamed at will 12 through forest and open land, noting the new eggs in the last year’s bird’s-nest, listening for the mocking-bird’s sweet song, which came year after year from the same blossom-laden apple bough. He knew the fancies of the beasts, rejoiced with them at each new birth, mourned when they died, and saw that they had a decent burial. He early learned to fish and shoot, and when he rode his father’s cob to the glorious “general muster” he began to see the light

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of his manhood's dawn. His mother's knee was his Sunday-school, while his father's lips were the code of honor and heroism.

This life of freedom begot untrammelled opinions, true manliness, and reckless bravery. The immense leverage of abundant means and ample leisure induced the collection of good private libraries and a love for reading.

A boy, whether he wanted to or not, went through the student's routine. He began at the "old-field" schoolhouse, with the other boys of his neighborhood, and usually ended at "William and Mary."

The refining influence of slavery, wealth, and education, left its mark on a community, which the struggles and poverty of twenty-three years have not rubbed out.

The Gloucester girls seemed to exclaim: "Let us alone. Why should life all labor be?" Their maids combed their hair, crimped their frills, and put on their dresses. They had but to soothe the sorrow that fell in their way and make themselves charming. Father's carriage was their palace-car, which took them from tidewater to the White Sulphur Springs. Father had ample leisure to be their "bon comrade" and courteous beau.

Young men were delightful adjuncts, but by no means the perfunctory articles they have gotten to be in 1893.

These girls went often to delicious parties—no stately reception or formal german, where many a girl quakes lest she might get left. In those happy-go-easy gatherings nobody was left, but glided over the floor to the negro fiddlers' jolly rendering of the "Snowbird On the Ashbank" and "Billy in the Low Grounds."

And the negroes were a happy lot. Their miseries have lived in song and story seldom outside. They were an army of bright-turbaned women, gentle and kind. Men strong-limbed and willing, drawing generous crops from generous lands.

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The stately coachman was trusty to take young mistress over tedious distances, managing his horses with the cadence of his tones, showing off their speed with a keen lash when a rival was near—generally bowling along comfortably, taking sweet nods between times.

The dining-room servant was despotic in his domain—deferential to his superiors, careful, neat, noiseless. There were a score of pickaninnies, with willing black, bare feet, ready to trot from barn to the “gret-house,” from the “big gate” to the stable; in winter comfortable in gay “linsey-woolsey;” in summer, with limbs untrammelled as their souls, they sported, in a single yellow cotton shirt, on the river banks or in the orchards, where the fruit hung ripest.

The beginning of a day on a great plantation was like the manoeuvres of a drilled squadron. In and out of vast corn-fields, among sleek kine, scraping the “shoe-sole” in earnest polishing, pushing the dry-rubbing brush, crooning over the “up-and-down” churn-dasher, everywhere was a task for somebody, and somebody to do it. Things had no shape for saving labor.

The well was on one side of the yard, the kitchen on the other, the smoke-house far distant; the dairy nestled in a shady spot, near running water, and a good step from the cow-pens. It made no difference. Such distances gave 14 waiting hands employment, and an idea of magnificence to an establishment. No batter-cakes could cool which were trotted in by feet so swift they were like sable flashes.

A negro's head is shaped to tote water, and the distance from well to mansion gave her time for meditation. The gay-turbaned milkmaid, sauntering from the “cuppen” to the dairy with a foaming “piggin” on her head, was a study for an artist.

I can but think the negro slave was happy. Hear the drowsy melody the cradler makes, rising and falling with the swing of his blade. The stalwart fellow sings out the measure of his corn:

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"One mi mu; Score me two; Score me three; Score me four; Tally, five."

Their meetings, hilarious with such songs of praise as "Sister Mary died a shoutin," and "Dust, dust and ashes come over in my grave," were awfully jolly and devoid of a suspicion of religion.

Gloucester knew no stint of hospitality. Royal foxhunts, jolly "general musters," "fish-fries," parties, weddings and Christmases joined hands the year round. The annual general muster was a glorious pow-wow. The colonel, in a broad white hat, issued his commands with stern dignity; the militia performed military manoeuvres, and the public sampled county interests, brandy cocktails, and a splendid dinner.

Company generally spent the day or stayed all night. I heard of one friend who came to spend the day and remained forty-five years.

When a friend called, she was asked to "take off her

EAGLE POINT.

15 things." If she declined, in a wink James or John would whisk in cake and bounce, blackberry jam and bread and butter. Limited accommodations were not known. Houses stretched for the occasion. Pallets were not despised, and the office would always hold as many men as could squeeze in the door.

Silver and china had been brought out on so many occasions that we could scarcely wonder to see the doors of the quaint cupboards open at will, and the old blue "canton" arranged itself after the fashion of a century.

Customs lasted.

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There was no flimsy questioning of what to do with your knife and fork when your plate went to be filled. Sons took up their father's ways and preserved them. Nobody was watching to see what other people were going to do.

A friend met old Captain B. on the street of a big city:

"Why don't you get some good clothes?" he asked.

"Nobody knows me here," the captain said.

The friend visited Gloucester.

"Same old clothes!" he remarked jokingly.

"Everybody knows me here," said the captain.

Family pride was immense; an heirloom of an ancestor was bequeathed as of priceless value.

The demarcation of society was severe as to social intercourse. A fisherman preferred to deliver his fish at the gate; yet if he was in trouble he came to the "counsellor" for aid and advice.

In the marshes, where the water-front was shabby, a village of people clustered, to whom in winter and summer the water's wealth was merchandise.

Guinea was a study and is a wonder. Fifty years ago its barefoot populace ran wildly at the sound of carriage-wheels, screaming: "Run, little wheel! big wheel will 16 catch ye." Now it is a beautiful garden spot, tilled by good farmers.

The negroes were grotesque aristocrats. I stood on Cappahoosic pier. The first morning sunlight reddened the broad river. There was a rustle in the waiting crowd. I turned and

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saw an ancient negro. He wore an old-time spike-tail coat (the waist line, marked by brass buttons, touched his shoulders), a buff waistcoat, and sadly curtailed trousers. The negro, who was about to trundle freight on board, inquired:

“Hi! name o' Gord, man! Whar you cum fum?”

“Out o' my sight! You low hound!” old Jack replied with scorn. “Po' folks' niggers aint got no breedin'. I cum fum de quality. Mr. Warner Taliaferro is my master.”

Later I drove in ear-shot of the wild singing of a negro revival. A little way from the church stood a negro woman with a generous girth. She was hob-nobbing with a friend who seemed to have forgotten her. “You don't know me?” she asked. “I am the reverend Miss Matilda Carter, daughter of John W. C. Catlett's head-man.”

There has never been a moneyed aristocracy in Gloucester. The exception before the war was to find a poor gentleman. But if one was poor, it was but an inconvenience to himself. Since the war magnificent estates have passed to the stranger. If the stranger was congenial, the right-hand of fellowship was extended; if not, he got not one grain of consideration for his money alone.

The war came! Vigorous men and beardless boys took up arms. Gloucester town, once more fortified, fell with its sister Yorktown. Then a pitiable era dawned. At night the women and children slept, with planta ions swarming with exuberant life. In the morning the plantations were like peopled cities with their people dead.

SHERWOOD.

17 Silent canoes had borne the negroes off to Yorktown in search of freedom. Federal troops received them, and those who did not go North formed settlements just outside the Yankee lines.

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Then came a condition the world had not known. A people who had an army to serve them had to labor without a day's notice. They took up the burden bravely, and became artisans without apprenticeship.

A reign of terror began. The stalwart men and the big boys were gone; the old men and the women, and the little children were defenceless, save for a courage that defied brutality. A system of savage marauding ensued. The negroes were the guides for the Federal soldiers, who stole off without license and plundered along the watercourses. A shrill, uncanny whistle would rouse the slumbering watch-dog, and bolts and bars yielded to a swarm of raiders, who searched every cuddy and peeped into every demijohn to find a rebel.

In 1865 when our men came home, home was desolate. They had no time to mope. They hitched their warhorses to the plow, and in their tattered old gray jackets they began again. They saw their sons grow up untutored, save in the rudiments learnt at their mother's knee, and the belief that the cause which had crushed them was the right cause. The pride which the sons of the old land-owners took in being scions of Cavaliers and fathers of the Union is changed into this glory, "My father was a Confederate soldier."

Gloucester is the cradle of many a distinguished family; old mansions still exist.

The plantations of the Upper York have been cut up into small farms and display a creditable amount of thrift and energy. Rosewell, the Pages' old time-worn castle, preserves a defiant dignity. For over a hundred years it belonged to the Pages, and was for a long time the most conspicuous mansion in Virginia. For nearly twenty years strangers held it, and it was shorn of much of its glory. In 1855 Josiah Deans bought it, and his clever wife and cultured daughters preserved every tradition of the place, and pointed with pride to the grand mahogany stairway, where eight people could ascend abreast; to the lofty side-walls, where a wainscoting of polished mahogany once shone; to the spot where, perhaps, Thomas Jefferson wrinkled his broad brow, and rumbled his hair,

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as he wrestled with the "Declaration of Independence." Rose well claims he drafted it there on his way to Philadelphia.

A son of the same race still holds Shelley, and keeps up the hospitality which the name recalls. The Burwells sprang from Carter's Creek, where tombs crumbling dismally bear an ancient date and crest.

Timberneck, gazing serenely upon the broad York, and overlooking Werowocomoco, catches the dying sunlight on the windows of old Yorktown and gathers the fifth generation in its ample fold. On the Gloucestertown road stands "Gloucester place," the former residence of President John Tyler.

The Lewises sprang from Augustine Warner on the maternal side, and, besides Warner Hall, owned Severn Hall, Belle Farm, and Lewisville, on the Severn's shores.

Lansdowne, the Thruston homestead, still in the family, also lies upon the Severn, and Eagle Point, the spacious home of John R. Bryan. The Bryans have all gone away, but wherever they be, they have a tender word for their birthplace—Gloucester.

In an island cemetery, washed on all sides by the Severn, the old people sleep, and the sable pines chant a daily requiem to the sea and the sky.

Indeed, there would be no tossings in their slumber

WHITE MARSH.

19 could they see the nursery brood, which romped in the hickory grove, in maturity, obeying wise parental injunctions, still eager to maintain a remarkable family prestige—not in arrogance or vainglory, but by lifting and caring for humanity.

On Ware river are Sherwood, the beautiful home of the Seldens, and Level Green, the Robins' seat, long since gone from them, but which still gloats over the fact that when

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Henry Clay canvassed Gloucester, during his Whig candidacy, he landed on her shore, and Ancient White Hall, always owned by the family of Byrd

Then there are The Cottage, one of the most ancient houses in our country (built by the early Throckmors), and "Marl Field," in the upper end of the county, built by the Buckners in colonial days, but for many years owned by the Catesby Joneses.

Old Warner Hall has had many masters. But after the stately reign of the Warners and Lewises, no owner has left upon the public mind the same charming picture of elegant hospitality as did the late Colin Clarke, whose sons and daughters have been people of prominence in all parts of the country.

Wareham was an ancient homestead, built by a Cooke. Children's children of this first Cooke of Wareham to this day preserve the dignity of their progenitor. In Richmond Mrs. G. W. Bagby, Mrs. Judge Wellford, Mrs. John Cringan and Mrs. Bernard Peyton sprang from him, and in Baltimore, Norfolk, and Washington, he has given a good strain of representative people.

When Nathaniel Bacon began to get a dangerous headway, Sir William Berkeley went to Wareham and made the old chamber his covert. Should the rebels rout him here, above were cozy, almost hidden cuddies, to which he might retire.

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Inland there is White Marsh, the Roots family place, going from them to their collaterals the Prossers. Matilda Prosser married John Tabb, and their united wealth made of it one of the show-places of the county.

Clifford was the Kempe homestead, Goshen the Perrin's, Glen Roy the Smiths. At the Shelter, John Tyler Seawell wound a magic spell around a host of friends.

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A cross of Tyler and Seawell brains gave to Virginia two brilliant lawyers, and to the world the authoress, Molly Elliott Seawell.

There was until 1877 a modest home in Gloucester, which was a Mecca for high and low. It was the Rectory; for forty-five years occupied by Rev. Charles Mann.

North river is the region of elegant modern residences. Some ancient houses deck its banks. The name "Belleville" recalls naught but happy reminiscences, and Toddsbury, though passed to strangers, still holds in its fold a God's acre, peopled with Todds and Tabbs.

Belleville was built by the Booths. By marriage it went to the late Warner Taliaferro, whose venerable widow still lives there.

Burgh Westra and Dunham Massie, owned by Dr. Philip and Gen. Wm. B. Taliaferro; The Exchange and Newstead, where the Dabneys and Tabbs live; and Waverly—Gerard Hopkins' handsome mansion—deserve mention for their picturesque beauty.

Gloucester has a future as well as a past. Its magnificent waters will be its distant advertisement. The same shore and breeze and tasteful crab and succulent oyster that beckon thousands to Old Point are hers. Increasing numbers, who will find no ease in the crowded, fashionable halls of the Hygeia, will yet take refuge in the hotels upon her shores. Its kindly soil will in future M B 103 21 be turned to market trucks, and manufactories, already established, will send its canned fruits to the markets of the world. Out of its sorrows it will yet arise, purified and strengthened, to make coming years, if less picturesque than former days, useful and full of plenty.

Confederate soldiers, with their dauntless courage, will be the ancestors of the coming race.

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When the roll was called in 1861, who cried out "Here"! Bryans and Clarkes, Yeatmans and Deans, Leighs and Martins, Bridges and Baytops, Stubbs' and Eastwoods, Rowses and Browns, Jones' and Catletts, Stubblefields and Duttons, Gibbs and Cluverius', Thrustons and Carys, Seawells and Shackelfords Dabneys and Smiths, Seldens and Davises, Sinclairs and Sterlings, Manns and Taliaferros, and Robinses and Tabbs and Williams and Taylors! There were many, many more, too numerous to mention, whom their county knows and God knows, whose reward was glorious defeat.

Time will not dull their record, but will boldly bring out the reason for their deeds, and the very throes we suffered for disaster will beget throes of pride.

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